No one except Harry Bancroft would | last he pulled himself together and ordered have undertaken the quest, but Harry was not as all other men. His father, having reached the financial position where he could afford the luxury of an eccentric son, often chuckled over the fact. His mother, who prostrated herself daily before the altar inscribed "The Right Thing," grieved over his conduct, secretly and openly, little dreaming that she owed her social position to her son's genius for doing the unexpected, the daringly original, rather than to her husband's mere millions. Society-with a capital S-will condescend to be amused when it scorns to be fed.

The quest started in a 5th avenue stage on the night of the Spencer-Jones cotillon. The Bancroft horses were in use, Mrs. Bancroft and Helen having invited the Court-ney girls to share their box at the Metropolitan. Harry had telephoned the club, only to learn that there was not a hansom on the stand. So there was nothing for it but a stage, and Harry signaled the lumbering vehicle with a growing sense of irri-tation at Mrs. Spencer-Jones for having selected a Calve night for her cotillon, and at the perversity of cabs for invariably be-

ing scarce on stormy nights.

The stage plunged forward just as he reached the top step, and he rasped the grown of his hat as he was precipitated through the narrow door. The scowl deepened as, with one immaculately gloved hand, he smoothed the nap. Bancroft had always held that while clothes might not make the man, his hat certainly stamped his attire. He gave one last critical glance at its polished surface, set it firmly, squarely on his head, and once more looked the world in the face.

And such a face as the world turned to-ward him at this particular moment in the ward him at this particular moment in the dim light of the swaying stage! Oval, almost classical in its outlines, under satiny coils of deep gold hair of that tint which only Dame Nature, pastmistress of coloring, can spin. Dark brown eyes that might be meltingly tender, but which just now were dancing with amusement at his too obvious annovance. And line that were too obvious annoyance. And lips that were gentle even in their mirth.

Bancroft, the fastidious, noted even the dress, so inconspicuous that no single detail stood forth. Seeing that she had attracted his attention, the girl flushed slightly and her face turned expressionless. But not before Bancroft, raising his glance from the tails on her great fox boa to the coils of spun gold under her brown velvet hat, caught the delicate flush as it passed, and, looking, he was lost.

If Helen did not know this girl, it was her sisterly duty to make the acquaintance on the morrow. Girls must know how to manage these things. If only he knew her name or address.

name or address.

Then the province which tenderly guards children, fools and lovers, intervened. A middle-aged woman clambered into the stage. There was a joyful meeting, from which the observant Bancroft gathered that the newcomer had once taught Miss Divinity, and was greatly surprised to meet her in New York. She called the girl Alicia, or Miss Bronson, according to the emotion of the moment, and the younger woman, in turn, offered the information that she and "papa" were stopping at a quiet but fashionable apartment hotel near Washington Square.

Under cover of smoothing his mustache Bancroft conned the name and address sev-eral times. Then sudden terror possessed him. His memory, always treacherous, would lose its grip on that address before he reached the coat room at Sherry's. In desperation, he ran through the pockets of his top coat and found the stub of a dance card pencil, but no scrap of paper. With a guilty air, quite lost on Miss Divinity, who was chatting unconcernedly with her companion, he scribbled the address on the white silk lining of his hat, and carefully turned the band back over the tell-tale words. Then he woke up to a realization that he was seven blocks below his destination, and, with a last lingering look at Miss Divinity, he plunged into the inky blackness of the night. Two hours later he looked up to find his hostess studying him curiously.

"Something on your mind, Harry?"
"Yes, something pleasant," he replied,
spinning her jeweled fan, like an ivory dervish, on the palm of his hand. "You would laugh if you knew."

"Tell me, then, quick! I want to laugh!"
"That is just why I think I had better not tell you. I don't want you to laugh at-

a cab. John, the hall man, handed him The Hat. Bancroft's penchant for new hats was well known, and he did not resent John's quiet, "Another new one, sir?" but slipped a crisp note into the serving man's

Helen Bancroft laughed at her brother over the edge of her chocolate cup. It was nearly noon of the next day, and Harry had been waiting impatiently for an hour

or more for a word with his sister.
"No, you need not give me the marquise "No, you need not give me the marquise ring for such a trifle," she said teasingly. "merely promise that I shall be the maid of honor. It has been the height of my ambition to be maid of honor at a church wedding—in a picture hat and carrying a big ermine muff. Give me the name and address and I will wager a new scarfpin against the marquise ring that I meet Miss Divinity before I have finished my round of teas this afternoon."

Harry patted her shoulder approvingly and darted out of the room. It had been a happy thought—that hat.
He came back with the hat in his hand,

He came back with the hat in his hand, and led Helen triumphantly to the window. "This is where your little brother was wise for once," he said. "He did not trust to his poor memory."

But suddenly the look of triumph died from his face. He uttered a groan and Helen clutched his arm.

"What's the matter?"

"Matter? Watter? Everything's the mat-

"Matter? Matter? Everything's the mat-

ter! This is not my hat!"
Then he told her the whole story.
"That is all right," she said mockingly.
"All you have to do is to go to the club and find out which man has a hat with a girl's name written on the lining."
Her mischievous words brought comfort

"Not a bad idea. I'm off to the club."

And at the club he found John in the accustomed place. It was a club tradition that John never slept. Yes, John remembered the hat (also the tip which he did not mention however). It was a new hat not mention, however). It was a new hat. He remembered having made free to mention the fact to Mr. Bancroft. No, he didn't think he could have made a mistake. He had been tending the rack for years and never made mistakes. Yes, there was one other gentleman who had worn a new hat the night before. Come to think, it was the same make as Mr. Bancroft's. It had been a gentleman with Mr. Hanson— a western gentleman. White hair, spare figure, about the same height as Mr. Banngure, about the same height as Mr. Ban-croft. That was why the two hats were on the same rack. He could remember every hat, of course, but it helped some to have the tall men's hats on the top rack and the short men's hats underneath. That was how he always got them so easily. Still, with the two hats side by side, he could not understand how he could make the m's-take. Yes, Mr. Hanson was in the club

house this morning. John thought he had gone into the billiard room. But Hanson was in the cafe. He could not understand why Bancroft should be so interested in the friend he had entertained the night before. It was a western friend, a man by the name of Stroud, who had made millions in copper, and was on his way to Europe. Had sailed that morning at six on the City of Chicago. Hanson had been giving him a little send-off the night before.

"Did-er-his hat fit him?"

Hanson laughed.
"I can't answer for this morning, but know it was all right last night. I was with him when he bought it yesterday

Bancroft made a dash for the writing room. Now that he had located his man, it was a simple thing to send a Marconigram asking Stroud to cable back the name and address in the hat. He had the message written, when it suddenly struck him that it would not do to rouse Stroud's curiosity. For if luck were with him and he married Miss Divinity, Stroud might give the story to some of those inquisitive fellows on the papers, and then—. He shuddered to think of the glaring headlines which would adorn the tale.

Better a trip across the Atlantic than He tore up the message and wrote an-

other. This time it read:
"Sparhawk, London:
"Meet City Chicago, Southampton. Do "Meet City Chicago, not lose sight John D. Stroud. "BANSON."

Sparhawk was the cable address of Swinton's, a noted London detective agency. Banson represented the firm of James R. Bancroft & Son.

Soon after he slipped away. Somehow, he wanted to get to the club, where there freely. Come what might, at least he was

waiting for a friend, slipped up to the de-

"Johnson's got the man, sir," he said softly. "I think they're in the cafe."

Down to the cafe went Bancroft and Swinton. The former's heart gave a great leap as he recognised the man he had seen at the club. And there on the rack above him was the hat. Stroud had not noticed their sections of the sections. him was the hat. Stroud had not noticed their entrance. He was glowering at a man across the way who was dallying over a lemon squash. For four hours the man had been dogging the American's heels, and the latter remembered having seen the same person around the day before. He had the unpleasant feeling that he was being shadowed.

Bancroft stepped up to his compatriot.

"I beg your pardon," he said, extending a penciled card from Banson, "but I believe you have my hat, and yours is in my lug-

If the detective had been astonished If the detective had been astonished, Stroud was dumfounded. Throughout his years of toil, a trip to Europe had been his ambition. And here was a man who had taken the trip merely to recover a hat picked up by someone else by mistake. When he had recovered sufficiently to act he reached for the hat above his head and handed it silently to Bancroft. Harry turned down the band with hands that almost trembled. There on the silk the name was still legible, "Alicia Bronson."

Stroud accepted his own hat from the hands of Bancroft's man with supreme in-

Stroud accepted his own hat from the hands of Bancroft's man with supreme indifference, but he seemed loath to part with the young American.

"I am glad there is some one here to youch for me," he explained, "for I may have to send for you. Some fool detective has been watching me ever since I landed. I don't know what they want me for, but I didn't do it, no matter what it is. He is

"shadow," who was still trying to look as if he enjoyed a lemon squash when his thirst cried aloud for Scotch and soda. Bancroft looked inquiringly at Swinton, who nodded. Swinton in turn looked inquiringly at Bancroft, who also nodded. A moment later the detective was free to indulge his

Stroud put on his hat, then jerked it off again, and spoke with a gentleness and hesitation which would have astonished the men who had worked with him and for him in Montana him in Montana.

mind adding that her mother was a belle out in good old Montana. Her name's Bron-

THE PEANUT.

Cotton is Slowly Crowding It Out in the South.

But now observe. The plant arachis hypogaea demands an early spring, a hot and moist summer and a sandy, friable loam. But these are conditions required by another plant of great usefulness and value namely, cotton. With this staple at a normal value, Virginia, North Carolina. Georgia and Tennessee have found it advantageous to devote a part of their acresartorial crop. But lately cotton has been going up, and the south is naturally planting it to the neglect of other crops; unhappily, almost to the exclusion of the pea-nut. Thus we see that such an unimportant fact as the value per bale of cotton vitally affects human happiness in a remote particular.

The Leisurely Past.

Mrs. Frederic Harrison's plea in the Cornism concerning the past that it is strange Campbell did not make his lines read:

worn and jaded—the power of agreeable sensation exhausted; the store of primitive reacher saying all things had become vanan ordeal to be endured rather than a privllege to be enjoyed; Shakespeare wrote in the jocund day of the great Elizabeth, yet when his soul speaks through Hamlet it is to complain that the times are out of joint. An age is seldom simple and leisurely to tself. It is ungracious to break in upon the latter is a correct principle, then witage of leisure rather than fifty or one hun-dred or any other known number of years

From the Jewelers' Circular Weekly. In reciting the different articles exported to the United States, in his annual report dated October 20, 1903, United States Consul F. B. Keene of Florence, Italy, says: kind, description and alleged epoch, but most of them such clever imitations as to require experts to detect the deception. The only competent judges in the matter are the officials of the government galleries, whose duty it is to inspect and seal all cases of works of art intended for exportation. Should they, however, find any pre-cious ancient pieces, they, ex officio, hinder the exportation, yet thousands of cases are classified as ancient art works and dis-

patched to all countries.

"The question of prices for antiquities is most difficult to ascertain, for it is one of individual taste and means."

Jumped the Bill.

"None," replied the dead-beat.
"Didn't stop at a hotel, eh?"
"Oh, yes, I stopped at one, but I didn't

Effle-"Silly! Dolls don't eat anything!"
Bertie-"Don't, eh? Well, that old one of yours that I cut open was stuffed chock full of breakfast food."—Woman's Home

Results of Commissioner Skinner's Visit.

OUR LATEST TREATY

WILL PROVE A BENEFIT TO BOTH PARTIES.

Incidents of the Trip to Ethiopia's Capital-At the Palace of the King.

Written for The Evening Star.

The treaty of commerce just negotiated with Emperor Menelek II of Ethiopia by Commissioner Robert P. Skinner is indeed the most picturesque document of the kind placed before the foreign relations committee of the Senate since it considered our high contract with the Dey of Algiers, in 1795. It is written in duplicate in the French and Amharic texts, and is accompanied by an English translation directly from the French. The use of the French as the second official language was one of the conditions under which Mr. Skinner agreed to sign the treaty. French is the only foreign tongue more or less understood by the Ethiopian court. The State Department did not care to take any risks with the Amharic language alone, for it is an unyielding tongue, very limited in its range. After the Abyssinians ceased to speak the ancient Ethiopic tongue they re-tained its characters to express the sounds of the Amharic, also introducing a few new

Our Future Legation at Addis-Ababa. The exchange of representatives by Ethiopia and the United States is one of the provisions of the treaty. It is not probable that we will accredit a minister plenipotentiary to the Ethiopian court. It seems more likely that consular and diplomatic functions will be combined in whatever agent of the government is sent to Addis-Ababa, the capital of Menelek's empire. He may have either the rank of minister resident and consul general, as our representa-tive at Monrovia, or that of consul general and diplomatic agent, as has our repre-sensative at Cairo; or he may be simply a consul general with understood diplomatic functions, as in the case of our agent at Tangier. It is highly probable that the mission will be in combination with another, near by, and that only part of our representative's time will be spent at Addis-Ababa. His status would then be similar to that of our consul general at Constantinople, when he had additional diplomatic rank as diplomatic agent at Sofia.

The treaty of Addis-Ababa guarantees us all of the rights of the most-favored nation; the same use of railroads, telegraphs, posts and other means of transportation as the other powers. It is now realized here that Commissioner Skinner pushed his caravan into the black empire none too soon. England, Italy and France, hemming in Ethiopia on all sides, were striving hard to supplant our trade, especially that in cotton goods, which is the most envied in the empire. Strong efforts have lately been made to divert this into foreign hands. After the ratification of the new treaty we will be in a position to supply every need of Ethiopia and to receive in our market

Ethiopian Mission Coming Here.

Menelek will return our courtesies almost mmediately-or allow us to return his, as the case may be. A commission of distinguished Ethiopian courtiers will arrive here this summer. Of course, we will be expected to expend some money upon their official entertainment. After leaving Washington they will take charge of an exhibit which the emperor will send to the St. Louis exposition.

It is for Congress to say whether the members of the exposition to Addis-Ababa will be allowed to retain their presents and decorations received from the emporer. All of the officers of the mission were decorated with the "Star of Ethlop'a;" all of the enlisted men with the "Menelek Medal." These were all accepted by Mr. Skinner, with the reservations imposed by the Constitution.

Zebras for Cross Breeding Here.

President Roosevelt cannot personally accept the pair of young lions and the two valuable elephant tusks sent by Emperor Menelek on the gunboat Machias, but he will receive them on behalf of the nation, installing the lions at the National Zoological Park here and the tusks in the National Museum. The Machias is bringing from Ethiopia also several hyenas, collected directly for our zoological collection. A pair of large zebras for the Agricultural Department were ordered by Mr. Skinner. They are wanted by Secretary Wilson for breeding purposes, experiments abroad having proven that the "zebroid," a cross between a zebra and horse, is more docile than the former and more enduring than the latter animal. Zebras are now very scarce and difficult to capture alive, but arrangements have been made to have sent to Washington the first pair of good speci-mens caught in Ethiopia.

A successful American coffee crop may be one of the results of the Skinner expedition. From Kaffa, a remote province of Ethiopia and the original habitat of the wild coffee plant, was ordered a quantity of wild coffee seeds for experimental planting. The experts of the Agricultural Department have a theory that the degeneration of modern coffee plantations is due to the fact that coffee culture has been based upon seed originally imported from Arabia and that by getting back to the aboriginal parent stock in Koffee parent stock in Kaffa a new variety of incalculable value may be created.

Our western desert wastes will blossom with Ethiopian vegetation if further seed importations arranged for by Commissioner Skinner arrive. He secured seeds of the most important crops peculiar to Ethiopia, which Secretary Wilson's experts predict will thrive in the climate of our arid south-

Details of Expedition.

Since the brief reports of Commissioner Skinner's expedition were made public a fortnight ago detailed official accounts of the trip have been received both by the State and Navy Departments, together with an interesting set of official photographs made for Mr. Skinner by a photographer at Addis-Ababa, on the day of the caravan's entrance into the capital of Ethiopia. All of this data has been courteously placed at the writer's disposal. These several reports, woven into one fabric, form one of ports, woven into one fabric, form one of the most interesting chapters contributed to the annals of our foreign relations since 1805, when our consul at Tunis, with a de-tachment of marines guarding a caravan of camels, marched westward for 1,000 miles across northern Africa, on a less peaceful mission and captured Derne.

Through French Territory.

Commissioner Skinner sailed from New York on October 8, last, was met by the gunboat Machias at Naples, and sailed thence on October 28 for Beirut, Syria where an escort of one captain, one sergeant, two corporals and sixteen privates of the United States Marine Corps and five blue-jackets were taken on board. The party, consisting in all of thirty persons,

19. the thirty Americans turned their faces southwestward toward the black heart of Africa and began their adventurous journey to Addis-Ababa, more than 300 miles inland. The first stage of the trip was made over an uncompleted railway to Dire-Douah, a distance of about 175 miles. Arriving at this point at 7 in the evening, the party went into camp for one day while camels went into camp for one day, while camels were procured for baggage and supplies, and mules for mounts. The mules were assigned to the men according to the weight of the latter and some hours were spent in accustoming the animals to white riders.

Slept in a Palace.

The following morning, the camp outfit being packed upon the camels, the expedition set out at 6 o'clock, upon a preliminary journey of forty miles to Harrar, the chief commercial city of Ethiopia, which was reached before night. The escort made an excellent appearance riding into this great town, on the outskirts of which they were met by the distinguished governor, the Ras Makonnen—a nephew of Emperor Menelek— at the head of thousands of his warriors. The camels of thousands of his warriors.
The camels of the caravan not arriving
until the next day with the supplies, the
Ras Makonnen quartered the officers and
men in his own palace and treated them
with great hospitality. The next day
camp was made a mile outside the gate of

The Ras Makonnen was about to set out upon an expedition against Mad Mullah at the time of Commissioner Skinner's visit. He had collected at Harrar a large force of native warriors which the Americans view-ed with great interest. On November 23 ed with great interest. On November 23 the Ras, with a large military escort, visited and inspected Mr. Skinner's camp and was thrilled with delight at having the guard paraded in his honor. Breaking camp at 6 o'clock next morning, the expedition returned to Dire-Douah. One private of the escort fell ill on this return trip and was sent back to Djibouti as unable to endure the more taxing journey to the capital.

Bound the "Habau" Hand and Foot.

The caravan, including now forty-six camels and forty-five mules, finally left Dire-Douah for Addis-Abai on November 29, Lieut. Hussey having been sore beset by difficulties with the camelmen of the desert, with whom he had been endeavoring to arrange for the convoy. The plan of march mapped out included a march from one watering place to another each day. The caravan moved in three sections, one of Arabs, another of Abyssinians and the other of Dankali camelmen, whose tribe are the most savage and rebellious people of Ethiopia. The first camp was supplied with a small amount of water by shallow "waterthe second by a running stream Upon breaking camp after this second stop



Thorpe, commandant of the Marine Guard. The leaders of the Dankalimen, who had been troublesome from the beginning, on reaching a fork in the trail refused to take the route to the left, on which Lieut. Hus-sey was leading the way, and persisted in starting upon the trail to the right. Wher Capt. Thorpe halted the camels the "habau" or chief camelman entered into an excited discussion through Waldo Mikael, interpreter of the expedition. During this com-motion Capt. Thorpe, with the aid of his command, headed the camels in the right direction, but all of the leaders of the camelmen, including two Dankali women, gave notice that they would desert.

Capt. Thorpe immediately seized the leader and bound him hand and foot. When

his fellow Dankalimen saw his predicament they made a rush upon the Americans with their spears Capt. Thorpe commanded the four marines left with him to load and aim over their saddles. While the Dankalimen stood looking into the muzzles of these Yankee weapons leveled at them their chief was given his choice of leading the caravan to Addis-Ababa peacefully or of being dragged thither. He finally consented to

## A WONDERFUL CURE OF RHEUMATISM

Joseph Laughran A Well Known Pittsburg Man Tells a Remarkable

STORY OF CURE If it was not for the fact that Mr. Laughran is known to me to be perfectly reliable and trustworthy in his statements I would find it difficult myself to credit his remarkable story. Read what he says. If you doubt, go and see him or write him a letter.—MUNYON.

Mr. Laughran's Story

Munyon's Paw-Paw has effected wonderful cure for me I was troubled with rheumatism varying from severe sciatica and lumbago to intense rheumatic pains. At times I was bordering on helplessness. My physician told me that it was in my blood. He failed to relieve me and I tried several largely advertised remedies, all of which left me in the same condition. A few weeks ago, at the earnest advice of a friend, I purchased a bottle of Munyon's Paw-Paw. Before I had finished half of the bottle I felt a great relief. My indigestion was dispelled and I could sleep comfortably. Before finishing the second bottle I found permanent relief. My blood now circulates properly, my appetite and digestion is excellent and every symptom of rheumatic pains is gone. I do not know of such a beneficial tonic as Paw-Paw. (Signed) JOSEPH LAUGHRAN,

1240 Rebecca St., Allegheny City, Pa,

Catarrh of Stomach Cured With One Bottle of Paw-Paw

I was a severe sufferer with Catarrh of the Stomach, indigestion and grippe. I used numerous remedies with but periodical benefit. I tried Munyon's Paw-Paw and before I had finished half a botthe I felt as I had not felt before since contracting the terrible ill. By the time the first bottle had been used I was per-fectly cured, and, although it has been more than a month since I used that won derful tonic, I have not had the least sign of returning trouble. I can heartily recom-mend Paw-Paw, feeling that it has permanently cured me.

(Signed)) WM. BRAY,
419 Federal St., Allegheny City, Pa.
Such startling cures have heretofore
been unknown in the history of medinothing like it was ever known. Sufferers from Dyspepsia, Nervousness or Sleep-lessness or sufferers from any form of Catarrh or Rheumatism should lose no time if they want to be well. Go to the nearest drug store today and get a bottle

of Paw-Paw and let the good work go on. No waiting for results with Paw-Paw. The process of cure begins with the first dose and improvement is constant until the cure is complete. As a Spring Medicine and Tonic Paw-Paw Has No Equal.

Munyon's Paw-Paw Tonic for sale at all druggists'. Paw-Paw Laxative Pills—the best Stomach and Liver Pills on earth—25c. a sance by the marines and blue-jackets no

pital steward, with one camel, one tent and a few commissary stores, remained behind with their comrade and moved him to the next camp the following evening. To guard the mules against wild beasts a sentinel had to be posted over them throughout each night. A guard had to watch the stores and the chameliers slept with their charges. Guard duty fell heavily after the fettings of each day's march. after the fatigues of each day's march.

.THE GREAT...

NATURAL

REMEDY

Stomach Ailments.

= CUREJ =

Kidney. Liver and Blood Troubles.

Poor Circulation,

It furnishes blood to pair passir, gives tile and soap to the ever-worked and run down; makes the aid feel young, and the weak feel strong

DIRECTIONS Take from one to two des-seris, posterials there times daily, preferably with your meals, or oftener if required, especially when tired and depressed. For weak children over five years, a tempoon-ful in milk or water with meals.

Shake the Bottle West!

(Profee Operation and Circular)

PRICE, \$1.00

Loss of Vitality.

Constipation

Governors Send Gifts En Route.

The governor or ras of each province through which the caravan passed would often send to camp a steer or sheep, and in addition to this the camp kitchen was plentifully supplied with antelope, guineafowl, "dig-dig" and other native game. With one shot Capt. Thorpe on one occasion brought down enough guinea-fowl for

the whole command.
. As Menelek's capital was neared each camp would be the scene of a long pro-cession of blacks carrying upon their heads baskets of food, sent as presents "by com-mand of the emperor." The escort shifted into special full dress

chiefs, well mounted upon Arab horses or Robert P. Skinner.

Robert P. Skinner.

Wild beasts howled about the camps at night, and on one occasion an enlisted man was so badly poisoned by some animal while he slept that he could not be moved next morning. Capt. Thorpe, commandant of the Marine Guerd with the Marine Guerd with the Arab and their thirty camels with Capt.

Thorpe, commandant of the Marine Guerd with the Arab and the hospital and status, rode up and down in front of these lines and with long lances, from which floated the national colors, beat the too eager ones back into their places. fore such a reviewing body and amid the greatest conceivable din of voices, trum-pets and tomtoms, our men rode with excellent discipline for an hour and a half before the Guebi, or imperial palace, was reached. There a band of shawm players heralded the mission's coming with weird music, "which," says Commissioner Skinner, "had not changed from the fall of Latishe".

In the Throne Room.

At the Guebi the native escort fell back, the American escort dismounted, and, following the commission through a series of courtyards, paused to receive a salue from a company of 200 native artillerymen under the command of a European officer, and a further salvo of twenty-one guns in honor of the United States.

The entire mission then entered the Aderach, an audience chamber of cathedral-like proportions and form, at the far end of which the emperor sat upon his throne, his feet doubled under him, nearly buried in cushions. He was surrounded by his more important advisers, representing the administrative departments, judiciary, army and church. The hall was packed with distinguished warriors in their sav-age costumes and heavily armed. Back of two rows of pillars supporting the root of the great hall were massed several thousands of the leading people of Addis-Ababa, all in holiday regal!a.

"Our reception was cordial but formal," says Commissioner Skinner. It lasted a half hour, when the mission left the palace for a compound belonging to the Ram Waldo Gorgis, one of the court dignitaries, which had been assigned to it. Here camp was established for our men. Commissioner Skinner occupying the house, "a large structure of native architecture, consisting of two huge rooms."

Nine days were spent at the capital.

There were daily conferences with the emperor and his foreign advisers. Courtesies were exchanged also with the heads of the foreign legations at Addis-Ababa and the officers of the court. Mr. Skinner also visited commercial houses and gathered all available data which might be of interest to Americans. The Official Farewell.

On Christmas eve the emperor visited our

camp and sitting in Captain Thorpe's tent viewed with great interest a drill through which the marines were out. The old monarch asked the captain many questions concerning the organization and armament of our fighting forces.

The treaty was signed and a farewell audience granted two days after Christmas. On the same day two lions, a pair of elephant tusks and an autograph letter were given to Mr. Skinner for delivery to the President, the officers of the commission were decorated with the "Star of Ethiopia" and the enlisted men with the "Menelek Medal." Representatives of every branch of the Ethiopian government escorted the mission to the outskirts of Addis-Ababa. The caravan immediately set out for the coast, reaching Djibouti without untoward

incidents of any kind.

JOHN ELFRETH WATKINS

W. D. Nesbit, in Chicago Tribune. "The firmament showeth His handiwork."-Pasis

The Answer of the Night.

Then man looks in the jeweled of Where patiently the planets of And there is held before his eye The unsolved mystery of time. He traces all the wanderings



MENELEK IT AWAYTING THE ARRIVAL OF MR SKINNER.

Capt. Thorpe's demand, and from this time on the Dankalimen were gentle and obedient. Lieut. Hussey, in reporting this affair to the Navy Department, commends the young captain of marines for his "firmness and good judgment in dealing with savage and treacherous Dankali camelmen," which "prevented annoying if not embarrassing delays to the whole expedition."

uniforms on reaching Shola, an hour's march from the imperial palace. At this suburb of Addis-Ababa Commissioner Skinparty, consisting in all of thirty persons, passed through the Suez canal, sailed down the Rea sea and arrived at Djibouti, capital of the French Somaliland colony, and Ethiopia's principal outlet by sea, on November 17. Here Lieut, C. L. Hussey, U. S. N., took command of the escort and the expedition went into camp awaiting transportation. Ambassador Porter at Paris had previously arranged for the transfer of the caravan across France's African territory and the French colonial authorities offered every facility and entertained the commissioner and the officers of his escort.

At 6 o'clock on the morning of November ner was visited by M. Leon Chefneux,

womanly sympathy; in her bearing, dig-nity and the art of repression; in her eyes, when she laughed, that latent sense of humor which is the leaven of marital life. The club rooms were very quiet when at

caught sentences about a boat to sail early in the morning and a long stay abroad; then, with a shrug, he walked into the writing room. Drawing a chair into the window recess, he threw himself into its depths to watch the cabs flash through the storm, and to think of Miss

might be some chaps of the sort who did

not receive cards to the Spencer-Jones af-fairs, but who knew about pretty western

Of course, there had been other divinities. He almost laughed aloud when he recalled the first one, whose insipid pink-and-white-ness had been the power to draw him to the dancing class, clad all in velvet and dis-gustingly girlish lace ruffles. There had been demure girls, girls whose blush had been that of the wild rose, girls with coils of satiny hair, girls with tender mouths and deep brown eves, but never had there been deep brown eyes, but never had there been one who could combine all these graces as did the Lady of the Stage. In her delicate treatment of the faded, nervous old teacher he had read exquisite

on the trail of the hat. Then he sent down to the steamship offices and engaged a room on the next outgoing boat. The City of Chicago had sailed at 6 o'clock Thursday morning. The Teutonic would sail at 10 on Saturday. This would give Stroud only a little more than two days' start. And with Swinton's men on his heels, the rest would be easy. girls whose fathers put up near Washing-He found the smoking room at the club deserted. In the dining room a farewell banquet was under way, in honor of a man who looked distinctly western. Bancroft rest would be easy.

Ten days later Bancroft stood on the landing stage at Liverpool. The first per-

HANDED IT SILENTLY TO BANCROFT.

son he encountered was Swinton himself.
"It's all right, Mr. Bancroft," said the detective. "Your man is stopping at the Carlton. We can nab him this afternoon, and have him extradited in time for Saturday's boat. I presume it's an extradition Bancroft looked at him in amazement. Bancroft looked at him in amazement.

"Good Lord, no!" he answered carelessly.

"The man's just got my hat by mistake."

Swinton sat down suddenly. It cost thirty shillings a day and expenses to trail a man. A good hat might be purchased for forty. He had received many strange orders from America, but this certainly was the oddest ever.

In the carriages on route for London the

the oddest ever.

In the carriage en route for London the detective strove to secure enlightenment, but Bancroft had turned suddenly uncommunicative. The man, trained at cross-examination, was for once baffled.

Arrived in town, they drove at once to the hotel. As the four-wheeler rolled up the Pall Mall to the entrance of the Cariton a man who looked as if he might be

on the trail of the hat. Then he sent down

sitting over there now."

And Stroud pointed to the unfortunate

thirst, Bancroft's man was standing at attention with his master's luggage in hand, ready for the next move, and the bewildered Swinton, at a word from Bancroft, was threading his way among the tables.

"London may be all right when you've been here before and know folks, but it's darned lonesome when you haven't. If you wouldn't mind meeting my daughter and having dinner with us, I'd—I'd be d—d glad."

Bancroft murmured something about the Bancroft murmured something about the pleasure of meeting American girls so far from home. Everything seemed joyous, now that he had that name and address under his thumb. He sent his man down to register and followed Stroud to the lift. They paused before the latter's apartments, which Stroud had dubbed the English hotel edition de luxe, and the man who had made his money in copper said to the man whose father had made his money in lead:

in lead:
"I forgot to tell you her name's not
Stroud. She's my stepdaughter and I don't son, Alicia Bronson. Walk right in!"

From the Philadelphia Ledger. We are told that the great doctrine of the solidarity of mankind is being enforced as never before by the discoveries of modern science. Medicine, economics, biology, physics, in their latest developments, teach us with hitherto unapproached force that all men and all things are so bound together that what affects one affects all. It is an impressive truth. Consider the case Within the last few years the consumption of the peanut has vastly increased. This interesting legume has fought its way over prejudice and contempt to a place of unchallenged pre-eminence in popular esteem. Sneers have not prevailed against it. Contumely in the presence of the unparalleled popularity of the peanut hides at last its diminished front. Last year at last its diminished front. Last year we broke the wrinkled shells of 5,000,000 bushels of pindars, and ate some billions of arachian "nuts." If essentially the choice of a plebeian taste, if the rich and fastidious prefer a daintier delicacy, the peanut is without rival in the favor of the multitude.

From the New York Globe. hill for old-time leisure and simplicity is in a well-thrummed key. The theme is a stock one for essayists and verse makers. How many, indeed, have been the laments, in a tone of tender melancholy, over the decay of the diary, the loss of the art of letter writing, the passing of the time when life's unruffled stream serenely flowed between velvet meadows of quietude. Truly, so recurrent is this familiar sentimental-

Remembrance springs eternal in the breast, Man never is but always has been blest. It is a favorite preoccupation of each succeeding generation to regard itself as timesimplicity spent. The glory of Solomon's court was disturbed by the voice of the ity; on Dante's page fell the morning beams of the Renaissance, yet his spirit is that life in his day had lost its savor and was self-solacing musings, reflections which do no harm even though born of fancy rather than of fact. Nevertheless, the modern historical spirit is stern and insists that the truth is always its own justification. ness must be borne that the data collectors have fairly established that today is the

Bogus Antiquities From Italy.

"Next in value are antiquities of every

From the Philadelphia Public Ledger. "At what hotel did you put up when you were in that town?" asked a casual acquaintance.